AN OLD QUESTION REVIVED BY PILLSBURY'S DEATH.

Boos the Game Make Re Masters Mast Pro viously Asked After Steinitz and Morphy Med-Chess Players Emphatically Answer No"-Second Avenue Rooks

Does overdevotion to chess impair the mental powers? The question had its sugbury with clouded intellect, which was also the fate of the equally renowned masters Steinitz and Morphy. The coincidences seem to be beyond a chance conjunction of events, especially as many more great chess players have become insane or have led in want.

At a reception in his honor given at the Manhattan Chess Club after he had won international laurels at Hastings, England, in 1895. Pillsbury referred to the popular notion concerning the effect of overin-dulgence in chess. Regarding a character in an anecdote he was telling. Pillsbury

"He thought as the world does-that all chess players are crazy—and I sometimes think him right."

Pillsbury's thin, angular body, was topped by an oddly shaped, knobby head that gave the impression of mental power. "Here's an odd genius," a person would naturally think before he learned Pillsbury's identity.

His eyes were of remarkable beauty. They were very dark and reflected the mixed pride and friendship that actuated Pillsbury at the moment in a manner to haunt one. Such eyes could hypnotize a gooden Indian. There was something secanny about them, and as Pillsbury made the aside about craziness they seemed the nirrors of a mind diseased. He was only 23 and a prodigy of the game just then.

Chess has always been the recreation of the few, the minority who seek something beyond beer and skittles in their amusements, and the resorts that amateurs frequent in the metropolis are not many. The best known are three clubs, the Manhattan, Brooklyn and Harlem, and situated in rooms of restaurants or cafés on the continental blocks of lower Second avenue, which those of foreign birth most affect are the Cosmopolitan, Boulevard, Metropolis, Rice and Hungarian clubs.

The Rice Chess Club meets at one of the largest restaurations on the avenue and is named for its patron, Isaac L. Rice, now in Europe on business of the Holland Submarine Company, of which he is president, He has conceived a gambit, or invented one, that, with the positive conclusions of a true chess enthusiast, he believes to mark an epoch in the game.

He has spent a good deal of money in inducing masters to open with his gambit at tournaments and in prizes for games to include it. The club is made up of believers in the brilliancy of the combination and in

After several flittings, the Manhattan Chess Club has been for three years in rooms at Carnegie Hall. The suite is a peaceful casis in the hurly burly of city doings, and from the quiet intentness of the members who sit over the pieces there in the afternoons and evenings there is the suggestion of concentrated mental energy in the place that suggests a great consulting library. To corner an odd clubman waiting for a

game and fire at him point blank such an explosive, dynamitic sort of question seemed an invasion of club etiquette, but the one addressed, who proved to be a veteran of American chess, seemed to be very glad to discuss the insanity theory and to refute it. "It is not true that chess makes a master

morbid or impairs the mind," said he Our personal information and researches have caused us to lay the blame for Pillsbury's affliction to other causes. "For instance, he would smoke ten or

twelve of the very strongest cigars in an hour, at first only as a stimulus during a match, but afterward habitually. He was irregular in eating and had insomnia.

*During the tournament at Cambridge Springs, in 1904, I know that Pillsbury, after the day's chess, would play bridge until midnight, and on retiring to his room, would with many players these deductions took read and smoke until daylight. Such a disregard of nature's laws would break down an iron man. "Steinitz, too, lived an irregular life: He

was a cripple and of a crabbed, morose disposition; besides, insanity was hereditary in his family.

"I knew poor Morphy well, a handsome boy he was, and of a gentle nature. When at the height of his fame he fell in love with a belle of New Orleans, and when she relected him for the reason that she could never marry a mere chess master, it broke his heart. He brooded and forsook chess. living a melancholy life, that had its ending n insanity before he was 25.

"The moderation of chess, if reflected in the worldly life of this trio of masters, would bave probably prolonged their years of usefulness in the game and heightened their share of earthly happiness."

There is an old painting of Paul Morphy on the wall of the clubrooms. It depicts a youth of unusual beauty. It suggests early pictures of Byron, but this resemblance may be heightened by the curling locks and loose collar.

The veteran, while showing the curios, trophies and books of the club, reverted again to the theme: "Charles H. Stanley, British Vice-Consul

at New York, was the best chess amateur of the day until the rise of Morphy. I met for the time a dawdler while more weighty him frequently and he was a person of de-Behtful culture. "It seems hard that the many men emi-

nent in professional and business life who have had a hobby for chess should have to repel, as is frequently the case, the suspicion that the game taints the intellect. The fault rests, no doubt, in the prominence of the three masters who have been unfortunate in this way, but the contributory causes have been overlooked. "It would be a violation of club privace

to tell the names of our regular players, but the list would include more than one man distinguished for mental powers. The late John R. Fellowes was an active member, and District Attorney Jerome, before his election, played daily at the club."

The chess clubs of Second avenue are readily accessible to any visitor who is seeking a game. As is said of certain poker rooms in the West, they are open games. The reason is that chess players from all parts of the country on their visits to the metropolis always plan a visit to the international resorts and look forward to it as perhaps the most enjoyable incident of one instance, a competence has been boldly a first trip to New York.

The resident members are proud of their games and ready at all hours to give battle to a stranger, for fun or for money. The professional will not play except on a wager, but this is not the only game in which such

At one café, over coffee and German

always, a cheseboard with him on the grea campaigns?" this speaker asked. "Was not the game his solace at St. Helena? Your philosopher Franklin was one of the greates mateurs of his time. He has written that chess was an aid to him in the study of languages in this way: The stake with a friend was always that the lose should expound and explain a lesson in whatever language they were then studying

together, the relaxation being a pleasant aid to their linguistic advancement. Buckle, the historian of civilization; was a master of chess. Travelling in Italy and Greece, it was his pleasure to mingle with the natives at the wine shops and to take on matches for small stakes with the most expert chess players. After the overcoming of a local champion, the professor would pocket the gains with much glee.

The sons of those sunny climes who gather in the gaudily decorated confec-tionery shops near Grand and Baxter streets now play dominoes in preference to chess but Buckle, could be return from the shades to pay a sportive visit to Second avenue, get action, as the sporting phrase goes, very quickly in a chess match for money. Should he leave a winner a tradition of the chess colony would be shattered.

Among the reputable chess clubs and cafes of Second avenue are several in which the open games are not such as a stranger would be wise in joining. In one dingy place there are long haired and shabbily clad masters who will play for stakes of nickel, and, should the game by any chance go against them, cheat in the most glaring way to gain the small sum that to them may mean a meal.

There are establishments too, of the ornate in fittings, where chess is played at the two or three tables nearest to the entrance, in full view of passersby. The players are keen faced and display much ewelry, but the matches between them seives are of a perfunctory sort.

They have always a watchful eye on the door and the loungers at other tables, who become very intent on their papers when a stranger enters, suggest the cappers of a brace fare bank. Their occupation is, indeed, a similar one.

The sightseer, manifestly, may not walk in boldly and announce that he wants a match at chess. Instead, he will take a seat and order something, while taking a

Now the quiet man, who bids him goodday in the foreign manner, or who passes the newspaper, is readily accepted as a table acquaintance. Very soon chess becomes the topic, and, if confident of his strength, the stranger will be introduced quickly to one of the masters at a front table, but if he is modest, or admits an inferior game, lo! by a fortunate chance, the table acquaintance is a player of exactly the same class and a little side match is very soon arranged.

Whether a bold or modest amateur there is but one ending to the matches the stranger has been welcomed and they take him in. At the better sort of clubs the games are fair and the visitors will meet with brilliant and delightful opponents.

The rooks of the avenue are far from being of unsound mind, but in the greed for gain one may not say as much for their moral sense. The habit of playing for money, however, is as well established at the best clubs as in the shoddy cafes. This aspect is treated in a matter of course way.

"I have had a busy day," announced a caller as he greeted his friends at one of the best chess clubs. "Got over to Brooklyn at noon, sold \$20,000 worth of goods before 2 o'clock and won \$10 from Billy Pawn before 6 o'clock at the Brooklyn Chess Club."

There are chess rooms at the New York Athletic Club and the Republican Club, and probably there are chess players in every city club, although to keep a board and set of pieces is ample enough provision for their needs.

The roaming of a non-player among the city haunts of chess players does not gather any testimony in support of the notion that the game tends toward insanity, but there was no attempt made to seek the views of alienists or other specialists. After chatting

There are mannerisms in constant players of chess that may be grouped and formulated into divisions, but while generic they are by no means symptoms of insanity Every game and sport brands certain traciamarks on its votaries. One attribute of the chess players met with is an unusually keen eye and dilated pupil, especially in young men, and this characteristic is often as marked as in the eyes of opium flends.

Alertness of mind, a certain indolence that suggests the lounging walk of the habitual dock fisherman, and an air of mental absorption, or rather of retrospection, are also traits.

They are delightful persons to meet, but the non-player gains the impression that those without the cult are not regarded highly by chess players. They chat pleasantly on commonplaces; exchange ideas. experiences or stories; show profuse hospitality, as in invitations to luncheon, dinner, or to visit in the home circle, but are often selfish in small matters, as the omission to pass around a box of choice cigars. valued for one's own smoking.

While keeping up their end with delightful politeness in general society there is always the sub-conscious influence to be detected if one looks for it, the air of being matters are in abeyance. It is the same manner which is noted in the statesman when unbending to talk commonplaces, the business man who swings vast deals the painter or actor who is a willing slave to his art. Even more apparent in the chess player is the childlike simplicity in words and the absence of self-consciousness of the religious zealot, whose inner mind is forever dwelling on the hidden life, the mysteries of the beyond. Chess

is always with the players. Yet chess is the recreation of many very successful business and professional men. To the point where chess ceases to be a recreation, and from a hobby becomes a dominant passion, the game is a tonic for the mind, a relaxation that gives additional strength to cope with the material

aims of a career. The transition may be subtle and enervating that makes the being subordinate to chess, yet that poverty has befallen so many great masters is not an indication that it has sapped their business or professional abilities. Instead, in more than cast aside in devotion to the game and its

fascinations. This, if an unconscious act, would be to the world an instance of insanity. To the masters it may have seemed a heroic act.

even a martyrdom. The monetary rewards of professional chess are scant and more often to be won cakes, the neighbor addressed entered into by the trickster than the pure enthusiast a spluttering anti-vigoreus denial of the insanity suggestion. He capped the eulogy of the mental expertness of the present day players by a reference to some famous amateurs of the past.

Is it not enough that Napoleon had by the trickster than the pure enthusiast, who may hope to gain a competence only by constant frugality. To seek to become a master by profession is to take vows of poverty, but has it not been ever so in art? These is a fine game and there seems no need to sigh because some who have drained its joys have died poor,

TINE HIGH AGAINST TEN HIGH.

Shocking Bluffing When Senator Matt and Senator Zeb Split the Jack Pot.

WASHINGTON, June 30 .- "The most shock ing, not to say scandalous, instance of oker bluffing between gentlemen in high station that I ever saw occurred in a game here in 1888," said a former Representative in Congress from the South, who makes his residence in Washington. "The queer part of it was that that fool, grimacing imp that tempts the most cautious and conservative poker players to try the bluffing business at certain weak moments of their lives sprang upon and vanquished both of these gentlemen that I'm speaking about at the same time.

"The two were Senators Zeb Vance and Matt Ransom, both of North Carolina. There wasn't much money involved, but, being earnest and thorough men, they both handled their shameless bluff as if lands the size of a Texas county were at stake. And they split about even in the matter of nerve.

"Four of us, the two North Carolina Senators, Representative Mansir of Missouri and myself, the only survivor of the group, used to get together at our respecouses on Saturday nights for the little game of \$1 limit, which was occasionally stretched to \$2 limit if a working majority of us felt flush-none of us was rich or ever especially well to do.

The rugged Mansir was the lucky man of our party, and he contrived to make the pace, pretty comfortably in the lead about all the time. I came next in the matter of luck, just about holding my own in the game and maybe a little more.

"Senator Zeb Vance played a steady, but uniformly unfortunate game, never getting his head high enough above water to give him a breathing spell. The out and out Jonah of the game was the courtly Matt Ransom, one of the most naturally amiable and perfect mannered men I ever knew.

"Some men who trail in a poker game, sitting after sitting, month in and month out, let the thing get on their nerves and become peevish about it, but the almost weirdly persistent bad luck of Senator Ransom our little game was only a joke with him. Mansir got to be ashamed to win all the time, and I used to feel some mean myself when Mansir and I would be sort of heading a little parade of our own, away out in front, with the two Senators lagging in the rear and poor Ransom getting hammered every time he thought he had something that would at least enable him to apply the mallet to his colleague and friend, Senator Vance. "Just for the fun of seeing these two

accomplished men of the old regime fight out their little battles between themselves Mansir and I would often toss our cards when we were pretty sure we were at least as well off with something to draw to as either of the two Senators. On these occasions Vanco and Ransom would play their hands for all they were worth, mighty little bluffing, but even when Ransom didn't overappraise his hand, as he sometimes did, it almost always fell out that Vance had him on the hip.

"This Saturday fell three days before the close of a short session and it was to be our last game for the season. In celebration of this fact we made it \$2 limit from the beginning of the game.

"Mansir, a poor man, with nothing but his salary, felt so mortified over the fact that he was some \$800 to the good on the season in our little game that he immediately began to bluff like a Chinese mess cook. For every time he bluffed he got away with it, and he couldn't lose.

"This wouldn't have been so bad, but the bluffing bug, which is both infectious and contagious, I am told by experts, seized all the rest of us. I tried it as soon as I began to auspect that Mansir was winning more than the strength of his hands warranted, but, becoming the immediate recipient of bumps. quickly piped down on the bluffing business and played my cards as they looked.

"Not so Senators Zeb and Matt. The bluffing bee gripped them for keeps, and they were particularly industrious in whangng away at each other with bluffs when ansir and I had dropped out.

The luck, as usual, was with Vance in hese little side battles with his colleague. Neither of them, however, got on to it that he other was bluffing almost throughout the evening.

"We always stopped the game a couple of minutes before midnight in particular deference to Senator Matt. who was a man of strong religious feeling and, therefore, verse to violating the Sabbath in any way. We began the last round of jackpots at 11:40. figuring on five minutes for each jackpot

with leisurely playing. "We made quick work of the first three of the last round of pots on this closing night of the game, and it lacked about thirteen minutes of midnight when the final jackpot hand was dealt by Vance. I was under the guns with nothing but the makings of a low

straight open at both ends, and Ransom. who was next, passed.

"Mansir cracked it for \$2. Vance, looking extremely owlish, boosted it \$2, and I stayed on the chance of nailing something to my two ended straight. Ransom muttered, as if to himself, that he had at least \$4 worth

of cards, and stayed along.

"Mansir drew three to his pair of jacks.

Vance said that a couple 'd do for him. I got a dead one to my straightand quit right there. Ransom observed that one, prefer-ably pink, would suffice for him. "Mansir, who hadn't caught anything to

his pair of opening jacks, bet \$2.

"'Boys,' said Senator Vance, who hadn't



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even picked up the two cards he had drawn, 'as this is our last night and this the last pot till next December, or maybe till after the next holiday recess, how about making the limit for this one pot five dollars?"

"I was already in the discard and so had nothing to say a great of the say of th

"Curious thing, this telepathy—there must be something in it,' said Ransom. 'I was just on the pinpoint of suggesting that myself, Zeb.'

"'Agreeable,' said Mansir, and then Senator Vance, still without looking at the two cards he'd drawn, raised Mansir five

dollars.
"Senator Ransom had picked up the card he'd drawn and when he caught sight of it he leaned back in his chair and seemed the leaned back in his chair and seemed

it he leaned back in his chair and seemed to fall into a retrospective state as he gazed dreamily at the ceiling and began to softly whistle a most plaintive minor air.

"Queer thing how those tunes stick in the mind,' he observed, breaking off his whistling when he saw how expectant Senator Vance looked. 'Now, I first heard that air—it's a gondoller's song—when I was in Venice as a very young man, and it only darts into my mind every two or three years, or when—'

three years, or when—"

"I'd like to hear you whistle it all through with variations, Matt, after we get through with this pot,' suggested Senator Vance.
'You know how addicted I am to your music, old man, here and elsewhere, even on the floor of the Senate. But cards is oards. Mansir thinks his openers are worth dollars and I'm raising him five. I'm

two dollars and I'm raising him five. I'm waiting for—"
"'Only darts into my mind, that song, as I was saying,' put in Ransom, 'once every two or three years, and always when I'm in a particularly lucky streak, or just about to begin one. I am seeing those seven dollars, and it's five dollars more.'
"'Oho! What am I up against?' inquired Mansir then, and he showed his opening pair of jacks and dropped.
"He couldn't see how both of the Senators could be bluffing at the same time, took no stock in a pair of jacks in a pot at best, and, anyhow, he foresaw more fun in a little battle between Ransom and Vance for a windup. So he and I got up from the table to address ourselves to a bit of refreshment on the sideboard.
"'So your Venetian air is the harbinger of a lucky streak, eh, Matt?' said Vance, beaming affectionately upon his cards. 'Glad to hear that. Have to raise you \$5, though, Mr. Gondolier. Just naturally

Mr. Gondolier. Just naturally And five dollars, said Ransom, drum-

ming rhythmically on the table to keep time with the air he had resumed whistling. " 'Well, you'll have to invoke the genii of the Adriatic with stronger whistling than that, Matt, this time,' said Vance, boosting

that, Matt, this time, said that, it another five.

"This hour, if never again, I hold the magic lamp, replied Ransom, seeing Vance and boosting him the limit.

"The supreme confidence exhibited by both of them drew Mansir and me away from the sideboard. We wanted to have a peek the sideboard. The see what made the note the sideboard. We wanted to have a peek at their hands to see what made the note of triumph so resonant in the voice of both of them. They both smilingly drew the cards close to their waistcoat buttons as they saw us approaching.

"'Not this time, old man,' said Vance to me when I leaned over his chair. 'I'd feel it was a sort of profanation if any mortal eyes barring my own viewed this hand till the dénouement.'

"You can have a good, long look at it when I have the hand framed, said Ran-som to Mansir when Mansir made as if to stoop over and look at his cards, and then the two Senators resumed their betting. "It passed back and forth between them rapidly until there was \$137 in the pot, and then Ransom suddenly caught sight of the clock on the mantelpiece. It was lacking only two minutes of midnight and Sunday

"'Zeb.' said Ransom; in a tone of high zeo, said Mansom; in a tone of high generosity to his colleague, 'only a moment or so remains of this day. We cannot en-croach upon the day to follow. Do not think I hurry you to your doom and ex-tinction but—" tinction, but-"Five more, Matt,' put in Senator Vance.

What are you going——
"The clock suddenly struck 12 and Senator Ransom rose from the table.
"Zeb,' he said to his colleague, 'let the hands be placed in envelopes and sealed. You know where I stand in respect to this

day." Sealed they'll be, Matt,' replied Vance.
'I'll have our friend here,' indicating me,
'seal my hand, and Mansir can take care of
'seal my hand, and Mansir can take care of 'seal my hand, and Mansir can take care or yours. How do you like the looks of these?' Senator Zeb went on, as he spread his cards out in front of me, fan wise, and gave me a sly and most confident dig in the ribs. "Shocking? It was horrifying!

"The venerable gentleman had three clubs and two spades. He'd drawn the two spades in an effort to fill a three card club flush. And here he was poking me in the ribs and

And here he was poking me in the ribs and inviting me to look ecstatic over a ten high Noble assortment, eh?' he said, giving

me another dig in the ribs, and, of course, I could do nothing else but exclaim:

"Extraordinary! Perfectly extraordin-

I wasn't lying, either. It was extraor-

dinary.
"In the meantime Mansir was putting "In the meantime Mansir was putting Ransom's five cards away in a long envelope. Ransom didn't invite Mansir to say anything about the looks of the hand, for Ransom wouldn't even talk about cards on Sunday; but Mansir looked, after gazing at the cards, as if he had enjoyed quite an unusual experience in gazing at them, and, of course, it then seemed certain to me that Ransom had his colleague beaten to a standstill. to a standstill.

"Mansir gathered the chips in the pot "Mansir gathered the chips in the pot together and counted them, and we sepa-rated, arranging to come together on Mon-day evening solely for the purpose of giving Ransom and Vance a chance to fight it out

Ransom and Vance a chance to fight it out over that last jackpot.

"On Monday I released Vance's hand from the envelope and he spread the worthless cards out lovingly in front of him, and Mansir gave Ransom his cards out of the envelope and Ransom regarded his papers with equal pleasure. Then, after Mansir had placed the chips constituting the pot in the middle of the table and all was set just as it had been at the leave off on Saturday night, Ransom suddenly became serious.

"Zeb,' he said, 'this little extra session; as it were, has been called, it seems to me,

"Zeb, he said, this little extra session; is it were, has been called, it seems to me, for the manifest purpose of carrying on a lain gambling transaction, and to make plain gambling transaction, and to make it worse a gambling transaction between two old friends, neighbors and colleagues. I maintain that it was impossible for our harmless and cosey little four-handed game, organized and carried on for fun, to lapse over from Saturday to Monday.

"Therefore that four-handed friendly game having ethically and actually come to a conclusion on Saturday night last, here are you and I met together, with all of the paraphernalia and properties assembled in

paraphernalia and properties assembled in front of us, for the promotion and solution of a gambling transaction.

"In justice to you and to me, to both of us, I ask you is it right that either of us should abide by the outcome of so deliberate and sordid and obvious a gambling chance, decided outside of the pale of mere friendly latting as this arrangement? Not. Zeb. playing, as this arrangement? Not, Zeb, but that I am not perfectly confident that I've got you beat to——'

"Matt,' said Vance, seeming to catch at that last phrase, 'I think you're right. Our real game did actually conclude on Satur-day night, and this hang-over shouldn't be allowed to go. While I am assured by real game did actually conclude on Saturday night, and this hang-over shouldn't be allowed to go. While I am assured by my innermost comprehension of the laws of chance that I've got you punished, I am perfectly willing bhat we should——'
"'Split the pot?' suggested Ransom, taking advantage of a slight pause on Vance's part.

"'Yes, that's it—we'll split the pot,' quickly replied Vance, and split it was.
"We parted in fine spirits.
"'Your man,' said Mansir to me on the

"Your man,' said Mansir to me on the way to the cars, referring to Senator Vance, 'seemed powerful willing to agree to Ransom's proposition to split the pot. Must have been weak, eh?"

"Oh. I don't know,' I told Mansir. 'Vance had what you Western folk call a lulu—three cards of one suit and two of another—he was bobbing to a three-oard flush, and was as good as ten high when he finished.'

"Mansir stopped and slapped his thigh."

"I reckon your telling me that entitles you to know what Ransom had,' he said, laughing till the tears showed in his eyes. 'Matt had a busted diamond flush, nine high.'

high.'
"The two Senators went to their graves without either ever knowing what the other's hand was on that occasion. They wouldn't tell each other, and Mansir and I agreed not to give it away."

A GOOD SEASON.

Thirty Pound Fish Common-Homing Instinct of the Salmon Hustrated-A Hard Battle Ended With a Pistel -Sport

GASPE BASIN, Que., June 27.-The salmon fishing has opened auspiciously. The professional net men expected that the salmon would be later than usual, owing to the long delayed spring, but instead the nets began to work about the usual time, and the first run was of exceptionally fine

As a rule salmon' travel up stream in pairs, keeping close in shore as long as the depth of water allows. This year copious rains have maintained the high level of the rivers, so that the trap nets set at the corners and projecting points have been most effective.

Thirty pound fish have been and as a rule they have been paired, very few solitary cock salmon having been noticed. For some reason or another, they have not been loitering about the mouths of the streams in the brack water, as they did the few previous years.

Owners and lessees of salmon rights have found the lowest parts of their rivers discolored and almost muddy, and therefore unfavorable to fly fishing. Higher up the waters are almost always of crystalline clearness. The giant fish sometimes balk altogether at the dirty water, and when they do pass through it do so with one dash, stopping at the first clear pool.

Afterward they pursue their leisurely course upward. Travelling by night or in the cool of the evening or early morning,

they rest a day, or sometimes more, in each of the pools.

It is a matter of weeks and months before they reach the shallows where they had their birth and where they intend to spawn. t is during their pilgrimage time that the re the quest of the anglers. The wonder ful homing instinct leads the salmon to take journeys of hundreds of miles along intri-

oate, ever changing river courses.

Some yearsage a number of young salmon; just about to lose their bright troutlike spots, were deprived of one of their spare fins and released. Year after year the marked fish were captured in their native waters, in Salmon River, a little tributary of the St. Francis, some distance above Sherbrooke, in the eastern townships of Canada, by water route probably 1,000 miles

from the Atlantic Ocean.

The first fish this season are heavy and fat and appear to make better fighting now than they will later on, when the water

than they will later on when the water becomes warm.

Later on the salmon will be accompanied by numbers of beautifully burnished sea trout. These, being ravenous feeders, annoy the salmon fishers by taking the fly, for though glorious specimens of their kind they are but vernin to the man whose mind is set upon salmon. The early fishing is free from this annovance altogether.

is set upon salmon. The early fishing is free from this annoyance altogether. The first salmon of this year was taken about the first of June in the Big Rock pool, in one of our best known rivers. Al-though it was earlier than usual, the fisherman who had been supervising the erection of additions to the sleeping shacks crept up on to the rock about 5 in the evening and made a few casts with a large Jock Scott. At his second attempt there was the boiling upheaving of the water which betokens the baffled half rise of a big salmon and the angler hoped that he might yet induce the fish, which was evidently lurk-

ing there, to strike

After "resting" the pool a bit he cast again
and was instantly fast to a salmon which sprang out of the water and revealed its great size. The man had strong tackle and a good nerve and fought the monster for half an hour. Fortunately the hook for half an hour. Fortunately the hook was well set in a sensitive part and it was possible to check its rushes down stream.

It was not until the big fellow began to thresh about that it occurred to the angler that he was alone on a rock, fifteen feet above the water, and at any rate without a gaff. The problem of how to kill the fish under such circumstances was estited by the exercise of his skill as a pistol shot, for which this fisherman is famed among his friends. A shot stunned the fish and before an accident could occur the man was swimming dent could occur the man was swimming in the water and the fish was tucked under and taken ashore. It weighed

thirty-eight pounds.

On a neighboring river four men took five fish in one, their second, day. total weight was 184 pounds.

Legend of Hoopoe's Crown.

From the Pall Mall Gazette. That interesting bird, the hoopee, is now represented in the zoological society's menagerie. Compared with a bird of paradise. the hoopoe is a humble looking creature in its red sandy plumage, barred with black; but in its way it is beautiful. It has a large curved beak, and its head is adorned by a crest of stiff feathers. The hoopoe is well known in Asia as well as in Europe is a Spanish legend concerning it which has

been related by Kingsley.

The story goes that once upon a time the holy birds who run up and down on the Prado at Seville among the ladies' pretty feet had golden crowns on their heads. day the birds and beasts all went to pay homage at the court of King Solomon; among them, of course, were the hoopoes. When their turn came they made their request. which was that the king would pray for them

that their crowns might be changed. So King Solomon prayed, and instead golden crowns they received crowns of feathers. Ever since then, the legend con inues, the hoopees "live as merrily as crickets in an oven, and also have the honor of the name of his Most Catholic Majesty King Solomon."

Whipped by a Jaybird. Greenfield correspondence Indianapolis News George Smith, street commissioner, stooped to pick up a nest of little birds, which had

dropped to the sidewalk, intending to remove them to a place of safety, when he was attacked by an angry jaybird and was obliged to seek safety in a house. nest had fallen from a tree, and the

mother bird resented interference.

STORIES OF BIRD LIFE. Fish Hawks a Nulsand

Bristol correspondence Providence Journel.

Fish hawks this summer are encroaching on industries in this town, in the matter of building their nests on the tops of electri light and trolley poles, much to the concern of the people in charge. The birds show little fear of human beings, so long have they en-

loyed protection by law. One of the hawks has shown unusual persistence in building on the top of a seventy foot electric light pole near Half Mile Hill, and though the sticks and cornstalks, woven in such workmanlike manner around the wires and pole, have been thrown to the ground by linemen the hawk has not given up the b and is hard at work on the

the nest every day.

Another of the birds built a nest on a troiley wire pole on the Consolidated Railroad at Bristol Highlands. This nest was dis-turbed by linemen, and the hawk at last gave up the task and built in a treetop, where there were no branches to obstruct the move-

Tried to Tame Young Herons.

From the Springfield Republican. The attempt of two boys living between this city and Indian Orchard to domesticate five young brown herons by confining them in a chicken coop was blocked by official action yesterday afternoon. There are a number of these herons at Five Mile Pond which have for some time attracted the attention of those familiar with birds.

A number of young ones have been seen

there, and yesterday two boys visited the place and captured five, which they bore home in triumph and confined in a coop. The news of their capture soon reached the ears of Agent Dexter A. Atkins of the long named society, who went in search of the boys. With the aid of Officer P. H. McDonald he soon located them and secured their The young birds were taken back to

A law passed in 1903 makes it illegal to take or kill a heron of any kind, and a fine of \$10 or each hird so taken or killed can be imposed. The question of whether to prosecute the boys being given consideration.

Nests in Mail Boxes.

From St. Nicholas.
Since free delivery of mail in rural districts has been established I have been pleased to discover two or three pairs of bluebirds nesting undisturbed in mail boxes by the road

It is gratifying to know that the birds allowed themselves to be disturb three times a day and yet did not abandon their nests; but the thing that gives lover the greatest delight is the fact that no one robbed the nests. I am sure the blu bird will in time learn to appreciate this it will be a common ecourrence to find some kind of bird's nest in every home made box that holds a letter.

> Turkey Buzzarde Far North. From the Titusville Herald.

Two turkey buzzards have been observed east of the city along Oil Creek. These birds, evidently a pair, have come further north than is their custom, and so far as can be learned have not hitherto been seen in Crawford county. They are large fellows, almost the size of

full grown turkeys. When seen both were

in the air, so that an accurate view was not possible; but the identification was made by

gentleman familiar with the birds and therefore qualified to pass an opinion. White Robin in Maine. From the Kennebec Journal.

An albino robin which has mated and built

a nest in Bangor is causing considerable comment among bird lovers and observant people generally.

The bird, while not literally white from head to foot, has enough light feathers to make him a decided curiosity, not to say freak. The whole back of the robin is white Many Bangor people have seen this bird, which is quite tame and has a nest near the

of Broadway and Someraet street. day in that vicinity digging for worms or going about his daily routine in a quiet and gentlemanly manner, not at all as freaks

Sparrows Beaten by a Hen.

From the Chicago News. Faw mothers have triumphed over more than Nellie, a little brown hen whose home is in a box on the bank of the Chicago River, near North avenue. Besides the perils of steam and street cars, of heavy traffic and deep ditches. Nellie has been forced, literally, since she brought the little ones into the world three weeks ago. In that time she has killed twenty sparrows, members of a colony seementered into a pact to destroy her offspring. The birds have killed four of Nellie's

hicks half of her family. War was declared between Nellie and the sparrows the morning the little hen proudly came from her nest with her eight tiny chicks The trouble started over a dish of cornmeal provided by a bridge tender for the hen and chickens. The sparrows wanted the meal, and to get it made a concerted attack on the hen and chicks. Nellie killed four sparrows n the first battle, while the birds took the

lives of two little chickens.

The scrimmage ended with the sparrows n flight, but a guerrilla warfare has followed. The sparrows have succeeded only twice in their efforts to isolate Nellie's young ones, but on those occasions quickly beat the little chicks to death with their wings and bills. The chickens have now reached an age to be able to fight back when attacked, and the sparrows

are giving up the fight.

Blackbird Fights Cat. From the London Daily News.

but the following story of a fight with a cat may be worth recording:

Last week Mr. John Dennis, clerk and sex-Last week Mr. John Dennis, clerk and sexton at the Beckenham Parish Church, found two young blackbirds in the churchyard. He placed them, in a cage outside his house, where the old birds found them, and have been feeding them ever since, starting as early at 3 c'clock in the morning.

The other morning, while engaged in his work, the hen bird was seized by a cat, whereupon the cook attacked it furiously, and with such a commotion as to attract an attendant in the churchyard, with the result that the hen was rescued.

THE BLACK ARCHER FOILED.



I saw a savage hide bel A rock, and then I spied An arrow that was sticking in

The rhino's savage hide. shot like that might just as well Have missed him by a milewonder why the savage did Not shoot the rhino's smile!

Perhaps the rhino seasick feels; He looks somewhat forlorn-It may be that he thinks his smile Is going round the Horn

The arrow does not bother him-It was not deftly placed. The savage doubtless thinks it is A weapon gone to waist!

MME. TERNINA TO COME HERE

HER LONDON APPHAINMNOUS-WOOM PRAISE FROM THE CREWOS.

Emmy Destino, Who Has Also B at Covent Garden, Will Do a Member 4

the Conried Company in 1601—10me Melba iHas Again Been Taken State Milka Ternina's engagement for the Metropolitan Opera House next winder had followed her successful season at Londona where she was during her step the star of the Covent Garden company. She avoided the last Brünnhilde, but sang leolde, Elisa-beth, Sieglinde, the first Brünnhilde and was announced for Puccini's "Tosca," but was compelled to have London before it was possible to give the opera. She is in better health and voice, according to the est than she has been in years and is cortain

to be an important factor in the season at our opera house next winter. One of the other great attractions state spring at Covent Garden has also been a singer from Germany. This is Rimmy Destinn of the Royal Opera House in Berlin. She has sung in "The Flying Dutchman," which she did at Bayreuth under Mms. Wagner's direction, and with M. Caruse has made "Madame Butterfly" the great success of the present London season. Emmy Destinn is principally responsible for the success of the work in London, as she bears the burden of the opera on her sturdy shoulders. The part sung by Signor

Caruso is not long. Mme. Desting is engaged for the Metropolitan Opera House a year from next season. Destinn is the name of her teacher. She is a Bohemian of peasant stock, with an unpronounceable Czech name. Her répertoire includes the lyric Wagner rôles and number of the dramatic soprano parts in the French and Italian répertoire. She sings in all these languages.

Herr Anthes has been singing in-London

and so has Clarence Whitehill, the young American who has now advanced to Hans Sache as a Wagnerian basso. He is said to have made a very creditable effort in the part. Johanna Gadski sang Eve and was mildly praised for that as well as for her two or three other rôles. The dramatic soprano of the Imperial

Opera House in Vienna, Fräulein von Mildenburg, sang Isolde at Covent Garden under the direction of Richter and made a profound impression. It was one of the rare appearances that this singer ever makes outside of the opera house in which she is engaged. She came to London to sing in the concerts of the Vienna Male Chorus, which sang there for charity. Aloys Burgstaller has been singing for the first time in London and met there

with a fair degree of success. He ap-

peared first as Tristan, and later as Erik

in "The Flying Dutchman." The German

performances are over now, as Hans Richter, who was conducting them, has had to go to Bayreuth to get ready for the Ring and "Parsifal" festival there. Mme. Melba has decided after all not to sing Tations in "Eugene Onegin" when Tschaikowsky's opera is revived at Covent Garden, and Mme. Destinn will have the rôle. The other principal parts will be sung by Mesars. Altschewsky and Battistini. Mme. Melba, after singing several times at the opera and in private concerts, is said to have retired for a rest ordered by her physicians. She had not sung since last autumn when she came forward last month. Mme. Donalda, the young Canadian singer who is now at the Theatre de la Monnale in Brussels, has been singing her parts, and another soprano from the same theatre, Mme. Alda, was called in to sing in "Faust." She is an Australian, but in that detail is said to lie her only resemblance to Mme. Melba.

If Mme. Melba recovers her health, Saint-Saëns's "Helène," which she created at Monte Carlo two years ago, may be sung at Garden, and Mme. Destinn will have the

Saëns's "Hèlène," which she created as Monte Carlo two years ago, may be sung at Covent Garden. Louisa Kirkby Lunn, who was an English Kundry over here, has been singing Carmen at Covent Garden and delighted her loyal compatriots. She had recently been the Birst heroine in Budapest and has sung all the contralto rôles at Covent Garden this winter. Sig. Pucchi had been there to superintend the first performance of his opera. "Madame Butterfix"

had been there to superintend the first performance of his opera "Madame Butterfly" just before he came to London.

He went back to Italy to meet d'Annunzio and discuss with him the libretto of a new opera which he is to compose. Signora Giachetti, sister of Signora Caruso, who used to sing under the same name, has come to London to appear in "Tosca." This is her first appearance at Covent Garden, although she was the particular star of the company which he is to compose. brought from San Carlos two years ago.

The fact that Carl Muck was coming here The fact that Carl Muck was coming here next winter for one year to conduct the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra surprised those persons who knew that he was to succeed Felix Weingartner as conductor of the Royal Symphony concerts of the opera house orchestra in Berlin if Herr Weingartner was allowed to resign. It now appears that the conductor's petition to have his contract annulled has been refused, and Herr Weingartner will be compelled to carry it out and to conduct these concerts. They are the most aristocratic in Berlin, are held in the Royal Opera House, and it is practically impossible now to become a subscriber to them.

and it is practically impossible now to become a subscriber to them.

Muck is to be one of the conductors at the Mozart Festival to be held again this year at Salzburg. There are to be two concerts and two operatio performances. Lilli Lehmann has made a version of "Don Giovanni" especially for this festival and will sing Donna Anna. Geraldine Farrar will sing Zerlina, and the Don will be Francesco Andrade, who has been singing the part for some twenty vears in Germany.

sing Verlind, and the Don will be Francesco Andrade, who has been singing the part for some twenty years in Germany, although he is a Portuguese. Andreas Dippel appears as Ottavio. Reynaldo Hahn will conduct this opera, while Gustav Mahler will bring up the entire personnel of the Vienna Opera House to sing "Figaro's Hochzeit" under his direction. Felix Mottl will conduct one of the concerts.

The German Opera house subventions are not large in view of the figures paid here for opera, but they are instructive as to the view of the art held by the Government. In Frankfort the subvention is \$117,000; Manheim, \$37,000; Cologne, \$52,000; Wiesbanden, \$60,000; Mayence, \$27,000; Strassburg in Alsace, \$24,000; Leipsic, \$19,000, and Hamburg, \$14,600. The municipal subsidies are noticeably smaller than those granted by the royal Government.

Emma Calvé is coming to this country next year to sing in concert, but she has signed a contract also to appear for a while at the Opéra Comique in Paris, which she considers a patriotic duty. She never earns enough from the salary to pay for the new costumes she invariably orders. She promises to appear as Countess Almavira in "Le Nozze di Figaro," which she was so unwilling to do for Mr. Conried that she sacrificed seven appearances rather than attempt the part. She will also appear as Mary Magdalen in the operatio version of Massenet's oratorio which is now being sung in Paris. Aino Ackte is singing the title rôle in the present performances, while Thomas Salignac appears as the Sariour. Emma Calvé is coming to this country Thomas Salignac appears as the Sariour.

Mme. Ackte is to sing Tosca when Puccini's opera is first sung at the Opera Comique.

Maeterlinck's new opera "Ariadne" with music by Paul Dukas, will be given there in the fall.

Barred Owl Captured. From the Ottawa Republic Earl Watkins of this city captured a fine

barred owl about a mile east of town near the Rock Creek cut yesterday afternoon. The specimen is a very large one, measuring feet 10 inches from tip to tip of wings. The feathers are beautifully barred in all parts of the body except the belly, which is streaked with brownish black. The eyes are black. The eyes of most owls are yellow. Mr. Watkins has presented the bird to Ottawa Uni-